

W. Hunt

THE STAKERTON CRITIC

Commencement Number

JUNE

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The Pinkerton Critic.

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DERRY, N. H., 1910.

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1909-1910, Established 1814

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 McClure, r. t.
 Grant, r. g.
 Curtis, c.
 Page, l. g.
 Mears, l. t.
 Mills, l. e.
 Hodsdon, q. b.
 R. Bartlett, r. h. b.
 Graham, l. h. b.
 J. Bartlett, f. b.
 R. Ladd, h. b.
 Miltimore, e.
 Russell, t.
 Webster, h. b.
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 Stearns, c.
 R. Bartlett, p.
 Hodsdon, 1st b.
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 220 yard dash, Salner.
 Half Mile run, Abbott, Curtis.
 Mile run, Abbott, Curtis.
 Broad jump, Miller.
 High jump, J. Bartlett.
 Pole vault, Hodsdon, J. Bartlett.
 Hammer throw, J. Bartlett.

After School.

First Honor Essay.

BY MARGARET ABBOTT.

Softly and gently the warm June breezes floated through the school-room window, bearing with them the faint odor and delicate perfume of new born blossoms, as well as the merry, rollicking murmur of the birds, singing in the trees around the old building. The children, in their seats, heard the songs and breathed the fragrance of the air until their whole little beings throbbed with a new life, and a fresh desire to be free seized them. True it was the last day of school before the long summer vacation, but how slowly the minutes passed! Would the time for dismissal never come! What hard work it was to say their pieces and sing their songs when nature was calling so loudly to them to come out and play! The teacher noticed the restlessness and knew what it was that was tugging at the heart of each child, so she shortened the exercises and set the children free.

No sooner were they without the building, than a shout, with one accord, was raised. Caps were flung in the air, and hands and feet performed the most curious antics, as though their owners were esteeming them to make sure that they were

not dreaming, but were really free. A new world lay before them—a world three months long when there would be no school to attend, except the school of Nature. To the boys came visions of fishing trips and days spent in roaming the woods as Indians used to do; to the girls came visions of picnics, and tramps in the woods in search of flowers. In fact, whatever was presented to their minds was naught but happiness, and delight, and freedom.

And perhaps, nay, doubtless, that was the way we felt when we were children and found ourselves let loose from the school-world into the vacation-world. Even during the last few years we have felt that same feeling to a certain degree, but now, now it is different. No longer are we young and care-free children. Our vacation, our going-forth from this school sends us, one and all, into the woods of life. Deep woods they are, too, and dark and gloomy in places, but we set forth on our journey with glad, expectant hearts, not looking for sorrow and sadness, though we know that every life must have its share of each, but searching the road

for all the true happiness and delights it may contain.

It is true that we do feel a certain tinge of sadness during these last moments when we seem to catch a glimpse of that new life that lies before us, and when we feel that schoolmates and classmates must be separated from us, but do we fear to continue on our way, unaided by the school that has so long upheld us, or do we fear the parting with our friends? I sincerely feel that we do not. Why should we fear? What have we done thus far to prove that we are weak and incapable of bearing heavy responsibilities? Do we not trust our friends to do right? Certainly we know that we shall meet again sometime, somewhere, if not in this world, in the world to come.

Very well, some may say, but life's woods are dark and dangerous in places; and do you not fear lest you should lose hope and courage when you find yourself in the darkness? To answer that, let me ask this question: "Did you ever know a little child to fear the dark when he felt his mother's guiding arm about him?" "No," will be the immediate reply, and yet the same is true in our case. No mother's arm, in truth, may always guide us onward, but we have a stronger and a surer support to help us over the rough, entangled places and bring us safely out of the darkness into the light—and that support is "the virtuous mind, that ever walks attended by a strong siding champion, "Conscience." Thus guided, why need we fear anything? Should we not, then, look ahead into life, confident that it holds success for us?

Success, yes, success but not necessarily in the form of riches or a name that

is on every tongue in the land. We cannot all be great in that respect—perhaps none of us can be—but there are thousands of other ways to attain success. The little boy, if the thought ever occurs to him, would imagine that he had gained success if he found both the world and himself happy, and surely all of us would be very successful indeed, if only we could learn to make others happy and to be happy ourselves.

Then, too, there is he who suffers disappointments, but overcomes them, by increased efforts till, at last, perhaps, he reaches the goal at which he has for a long time been aiming. He deserves praise for overcoming his troubles and not sinking beneath their weight. No man ever reached success by being content to remain at a stand-still when once he has reached a certain point in his career. The successful man ever sees ahead of him something better than what he already has, and something towards which he may still keep aiming, thus constantly advancing rather than retreating.

Success is like the flower which the little girl who seeks her pleasure in the woods, gathering the many varied flowers, sees far above her, almost out of her reach and in a seemingly inaccessible place. A beautiful blossom it is and one unfamiliar to her sight, though she has heard of it many times, so, in spite of many difficulties which she sees before her, she sets her heart on securing the coveted treasure. She toils and labors up the hill; she falls back two steps for every one she advances; then she laughs at her defeat and proceeds with increased vigor and renewed strength, until, at last, she is able to clutch the blossom in her

hands—a happy child, forgetful of all her efforts and mindful only of the fact that she has won, that she has gained the victory, that she has not been overcome by the countless difficulties that beset her way.

Thus blooms success—whether it be that which is accepted by God alone, or that which is sanctioned by the people on this earth—far up the side of the Mountain of Labor, and to reach it, most of us must encounter much the same difficulties as did the little girl in her eager desire to secure the blossom that so allured her. Yet we do not fear our way; on the contrary we look forward to

it with eagerness and with the fighting spirit of the boy who desires to meet the enemy and defeat him as soon as possible.

In the woods of life, may we, also, learn to distinguish between the poisonous and the harmless wood-bine. Both appear innocent and beautiful but to touch the one brings pain; to touch the other, pleasure. If only we could discriminate between these two flowers—the evil and the good—which are so closely connected and yet so widely separated, we would avoid all risk of poisoning both our own lives and the lives of others, and life would be successful, not alone in the sight of man, but in the sight of God, also.

Who Profits Most.

Second Honor Essay.

CLARISSA GERTRUDE HALL.

I won't positively say, that the only one who gets anything out of school is the one who studies hard. I will say, however, that he is the one who gets most out of it.

Probably the girl gets something out of it, who merely dreams away her school days, like the girl in the picture I have on a postal card. She has her book open in front of her, but between her and the printed page is a vision of a football game in full progress. It isn't that she understands or cares particularly for football, but she has a pronounced taste for boys. I hate to be intolerant, but I cannot help believing that she would be wiser to put off cultivating that taste till after graduation.

The pupil who goes through High School simply for his diploma, or because

he is sent there by his parents may get something out of school, but I fail to see it. He does not care whether he learns his lessons or not. It is this kind who pride themselves on not taking their books home. They study in three minute intervals between periods. It was a person of this kind I heard say, "I always learn my History during the devotional period, and my French when I am not reciting in History. There is plenty of time to learn all I need to know about them, and all I care about anyway is just to pass." When such a pupil gets up to recite, he runs his fingers through his hair, scratches his head as if in deep thought, but, waving the other hand at his neighbor says, "Say, what is the answer? Tell me quick, I don't know."

This kind of pupil is too often a cribber. He leaves his Algebra or Physics problems until the next morning and then copies them from his classmates. When the examinations come, he has to have his books open, and then some of the teachers wonder, how it is that some students remember so well certain phrases of the text.

What shall such a pupil say for himself? Shall he say that he enjoys himself, and that that is profit enough? But does he enjoy himself? The kind of school life I have described seems anything but enjoyable. Think of the haunting fear of being caught cheating; the everlasting worrying along from day to day on the verge of failure.

There are so few, who realize that it is during these early years that habits are forming and character is building. As I look at cribbing, it is one form of stealing, for he who cribs does not possess the knowledge he is imparting, and he who cheats himself now, is apt to do worse things later.

You may say, the deceits of school children are only little unimportant things, but, as Samuel Smiles has said, "Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depends upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with."

There is also the pupil who comes here simply for the social life of the school. But he could have friends without going to High School for them. There is the church to which he might go, and in this he would find the very best society. And if this were not to his liking there are

numerous other societies to which he might attach himself.

I sometimes wonder what the boy who comes here simply for the athletics, thinks he gets out of school. He sits back in his seat, showing no desire to learn, and participating in the recitation only when there is something of general interest. He feels sure, that he will stay where he is as long as he holds his place on one of the school teams. Couldn't such a boy get just as much out of idling four years away, as he gets out of school?

An ideal pupil, in my opinion, works attentively during the school and study hours, tries to do his best in every task whether great or small, with a mind single to his future prosperity, rather than his present ease and comfort.

"If study is to be made valuable," says A. T. Smith, "it must be made a serious business."

Unfortunately, very unfortunately, it is the pupil who realizes that there is "Palma non sine pulvere" (no excellence without great labor) who is ridiculed by his class and schoolmates. He is called a "grind," the kind of dull boy all work and no play are supposed to make.

Only a short time ago, I heard a pupil say with a sneer, "I here are some pupils with so little brain matter that they have to study all the time, night and day." As if that were any disgrace. Everything depends on the results. No one need be ashamed of studying just as long as he needs to, to get his lessons. I had rather be a hard working fool, than a lazy genius. It is by hard work in overcoming obstacles that the spirit of habitual mastery is developed, that in after life carries everything before it.

There are so many times in our school life that we say when a thing is improperly done, "Oh, well! that will do." We should, however, aim at the best possible thing to do. Lowell has said, "Not failure, but low aim is crime. We must have ideals and try to live up to them, even if we never quite succeed."

Every difficulty mastered in these days, only helps us to overcome greater difficulties in the days to come. He profits most in school who studies most; who acquires some knowledge but before all, forms a habit of work that will persist through life.

I feel certain that you will agree with me, that studying should be carried on after our schooldays cease. We should always be reaching out, on, and upward for knowledge. This vast world is full of things about which we know nothing, but for the knowledge of which we should strive. We cannot know everything; as has been well said, an educated person knows a little about everything, and a great deal about one thing. Such is not the description the man will answer to, who has merely done enough work to earn the reputation of having been through school.

Class History.

EMILY WINONA HEALEY.

On the 10th of September 1906, we, the class of 1910, began our first day's work at Pinkerton. We numbered forty-six, all very youthful in appearance, the girls with short skirts and pig-tails, the boys wearing knee trousers. I shall never forget that first day when we stood about the corridors, not knowing what to do. We were timid and afraid and knew but a very few of the upper-classmen, who went off to welcome their friends, leaving us out in the cold. The others about us were shaking hands and saying how glad they were to see each other again.

We were all glad when the chapel bell rang, for we felt we were going to do something then. We went up to chapel with the rest, and after morning exercises we were sent, a half of our number to Mr. Reynold's room, the other half to Miss Clark's room where we were assigned

our individual seats. We soon found that we were not to sit there all the time, but to go to other rooms for many of our lessons. Does anyone wonder why someone lost his way in the corridor, or started to go down to the basement by mistake? Remember, everything was strange and unfamiliar to us. The whole building seemed so very large. However, we got through the first day all right and soon became acquainted with our classmates and in due time we became accustomed to Academy life.

It was one day during the first two weeks of school that we saw posted on the bulletin board a notice which read:

JUNIOR CLASS MEETING

ALL COME

VERY IMPORTANT

At this meeting we chose our officers for

the year, and at a later meeting we selected purple and white for our class colors.

It was announced one day that on Friday night of the second week was to be the Seniors' reception, and it was hoped that all the Juniors would come. We looked forward to it with great anticipation, and when the time did come we found the Seniors very pleasant and cordial, and we had a merry time throughout the evening.

It was in our Junior year that we won the debate against the Senior class. As it was the first time in the history of the school that a Junior class had defeated the Seniors, we were quite elevated over the victory. In the first year we did not give a sociable, but enjoyed all those given by the other classes. During the closing weeks of the year an epidemic of mumps broke out in the school which caused much disturbance. The teachers' reception to which we all looked forward to was given up on that account.

Commencement was enjoyed exceedingly, especially because all the exercises were new to us, and everything seemed so exciting. We took great pride in our beautiful new tree which was dedicated on Class Day. On graduation afternoon, when the prizes were given out, we were pleased to learn that one from our number, Clarissa Hall, had earned one of the scholarships.

When we came back to school in September, we had a jolly time greeting our friends. We could hardly realize that we were really Junior Middlers, and that there was a class beneath us. We missed many of our classmates who had not returned, but there were four new ones

whom we gladly welcomed. This year, however, our number was reduced to thirty. The first year we thought we knew what study was, but this year was when we really began to study. Many of us began French, and two of our brave boys had the courage to begin that mysterious language, Greek. Then there were the struggles with geometry. How much patience Mr. Campbell must have had with us! We all enjoyed sitting in Mr. Campbell's room, for so many pleasant jokes and incidents happened there. During the year occurred several interesting debates, one in which our debaters showed themselves justice. An important event was our first sociable. We worked with zeal in preparation for it, and when it was over and declared a success we felt much relieved.

The year passed with hard work and many pleasures besides. A few weeks before school closed the measles became prevalent. Every morning we came to school we heard of a new case, and not a few in our class became infected with it. We wondered if we were doomed. The first year it was mumps, the second year measles. What could be in store for us the third year? However, most of the students were able to return on Commencement week. Out of those who received scholarships this year, two were from the glorious class of 1910.

The days of our third year were busy ones, as had been those of the previous two. We occupied the front seats in Miss Parsons' room where we came under the magnetic influence of that inspiring person. The first thing of importance for that year was the selection of our class pins which are now cherished with much

fondness. Our sociable this year was again a success. There was also a debate between the classes of 1910 and 1911 in which we were again victorious and at the end of the year we were in possession of the debating cup.

This year we had the privilege of trying for the prize contest, and several from our number were chosen. At the close of the memorable evening we were delighted when the judge announced that Lillian Sawyer had won the first prize and Harriett Healey the second. At the distribution of the prizes on graduation afternoon two from our class received scholarships, and one honorary mention. Had not the class of 1910 in these three years made quite a record? Of the nine scholarships given out in that time we claimed five.

In September 1909 we returned to Pinkerton to take up the duties and responsibilities of our last year's work. It was difficult to realize that there was no class above us, and that all the under classmen were looking up to us for example and advice. We, as seniors, were expected to know so much, and yet we knew so little.

On coming back to Pinkerton we felt almost as lost as when we were Juniors. Mr. Bingham, who had won from us the deepest respect, had resigned his principalship and in his place was Mr. Silver. We were glad that Mr. Bingham had not left us entirely, for he was still to teach Latin. We missed Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Sefton, and it seemed so strange without them. We were glad to welcome the new teachers, Mr. Potter, Miss Briggs and Miss Wooldridge, who have won their own place among us.

On the first evening of school we participated in our Corn Roast and Marshmallow Toast to which we had so eagerly looked forward. None of the underclassmen suspected it beforehand, so we were unmolested. We assembled on the campus at the back of the Academy in the evening at about 10:30, where a blazing fire was made, and after it died down we had a jolly time roasting our corn and toasting our marshmallows.

One morning about the middle of the term we found, on entering school, that Miss Parsons was not in her accustomed place, and soon the news was spread abroad that she had resigned. The Seniors especially mourned her absence with true sorrow. The influence of her noble character had been so great among us that we could not imagine how we could feel at home without her. But when Miss Poor, the new teacher came, we were all charmed with her appearance, and have become greatly attached to her.

One evening in winter we took advantage of the splendid sleighing to have a class sleighride to Manchester and back. There have been many sleighrides, but I doubt if any were more jolly than the one that the class of 1910 enjoyed on that beautiful winter evening.

During the spring term our time has been occupied, not only with our studies, but in making preparations for the glorious time in which the members of the class shall receive their diplomas. The last great function freshest in my mind is our successful feast given in Odd Fellows' hall on Tuesday evening. Shall we ever forget that memorable event; the ice cream, frozen pudding, lemonade,

sandwiches, cake, bananas and quantities of other good things. How the underclassmen envied us! But never mind, their turn will come later if they are as energetic as we have been.

Our class motto which we have chosen is "*Palma non sine pulvere*," meaning, "No excellence without labor." Indeed our recent affair would not have attained such excellence had we not labored for it. May the inspiration of our motto help us always in the years to come.

Class Gifts.

LUCY G. LAWS.

To me has been given the difficult task of bestowing appropriate gifts on my classmates. To this matter, I have directed the most careful and deliberate attention within my power, and although I may not have succeeded well, I trust that they will pardon the unsuitableness of some of my gifts, and will remember only the fact that the one who chose them did her best.

I'll begin with Miss Abbott, the favorite with all of us and the Honor Girl. The other day she solemnly told me, while I was jesting with her, that she surely intended to be an "old maid." Of course we have no reason to doubt her statement, and so, considering the fact that single blessedness is to be her lot, I present to her this *solitaire*, and trust that it will comfort her through long, weary years.

My next victim is the president, John Bartlett. To me, he has the appearance of one who has something on his mind. There is a sort of far-away look in his eyes, and only one member of the class can seem to cause him to lose that

abstracted look. They say that he is in love, and as there is a remedy for all diseases, I give to him this cure. (Mitten.)

Estelle has a fondness for a certain package of "goodies," which has been kept in her desk and which has generally been broken into before 10 a. m. You are leaving Room VI and that package now forever, Estelle, and that I may compensate you in some way for the loss, I give to you this tiny box marked "Dainties," which is very deceptive in that it resembles a little volume of choice literature, but is in reality a little lunch box.

Miss Emily Healey has frequently substituted as a teacher here at school. We have never heard any criticisms against her teaching, but oh! her order! Why, one day while a chosen few were practising in chapel—but the details are too painful. Suffice it to say, however, that I'm sure all she needed that day was that most noted of teachers' weapons, a ruler. I advise you to use it in your first school.

Clarissa is our Bachelor Girl. I don't remember that she ever deigned to honor any of the "laddies" up here with her company to an entertainment, or even with a smile, unless on a matter purely scholastic. I imagine that she will maintain this attitude toward all males throughout her entire life, so I give to her this toy man, whom she can treat in any way she pleases.

Watts has a lock of refractory hair which persists in aspiring heavenward in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. I give him, hence, this brush, which has a peculiar power over other articles of the kind, in that it guarantees to smooth down satisfactorily every bit of hair.

Myrtle has always mourned the fact that her stature was not greater. Of course, we can all understand how annoying it must be to be short. As I believe in helping others, I give to her this pair of stilts.

Lillian has a very soft voice. Indeed, I am told that it is the cause of much discomfort on the part of one teacher in the building because she is so difficult to be heard. Therefore, to prevent all discomfitures in the future, I give to her this speaking trumpet.

Ladd is the most industrious member of our class. In fact, he is so busy that he has not had the time to go out on the Athletic Field and take part in the athletics of the school, but has studied all the time. I, for my part, am quite worried on account of this negligence on his part, and so I have brought him this skip-rope, which I recommend him to use at least one hour daily.

Of all fortunate girls, I think that Louise is the most so. She has had a horse and a carriage at her disposal the entire year, and a driver, too, when she desired him. I have often thought of presenting her with a more expeditious means of transportation, but have never found the opportunity until now. I give her this "taxi."

Harriette is very fond of birds, ferns and flowers. This fondness often leads her to take long walks about the town in search of something new in this line, and so I have for her this book, entitled, "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers."

Miss Fowler has a smile which she bestows impartially, and which cheers us all. I wish her to see this wonderful smile as

we have; so this little mirror is hers.

I pondered and pondered over Lula's gift. "What could I possibly give one so capable?" "She always has her lessons,—I have never known her to fail," I said to myself. Then the thought came to me that one so near perfect now must sometime be wholly so. Here is her likeness at some future time. (Angel.)

Seavey's hair has the same bad habit that Watt's has. There are always a few members that stand on end or wave sympathetically with the breezes. I know that Seavey has tried hard and faithfully to lay them, but as yet success has not rewarded him. I, and I alone, have found the cure,—a bottle of LePage's. I assure you, Seavey, the cure will be efficient.

Miss Fitts is last but by no means least. She is a dear little "lassie" who never speaks unless spoken to, and who is so quiet and so unobtrusive that she always reminds me of some delicate flower. I present to her her likeness.

Class Will.

GEORGE H. SEAVEY.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that we of the class of 1910 of Pinkerton Academy, of Derry, in the County of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, considering that we are about to leave our beloved Alma Mater, and being of sound and perfect mind and memory, do make and publish this our Last Will and Testament, in manner and form as follows, to wit:

FIRST, We do grant, will and bequeath to the class of 1911 the dignity becoming to Seniors and which has been so well exemplified in the manners of the class of 1910.

THEN, we do bequeath to them the

back seats in Room VI, and the back seats in chapel, and do request them that when they occupy the said seats they think of the class which has preceded them, and strive to be worthy successors of us.

NEXT, we do bequeath to them the care of our class tree, as we shall no longer be able to care for it ourselves, and do trust that they will faithfully perform this duty.

NEXT, the debating cup for which the class of 1911 has strived in vain, we do now will to them, as they have been unable to get possession of it in any other way, and we hope that they will be as successful in keeping it as we have been, so that they in turn may devise it to the next succeeding class.

NEXT, we do grant to them the right to hold a Corn Roast sometime within the first week of the coming school year, and to hold such other festivities as they wish during the year.

LAST, but not least, we do grant to them the right to initiate the members of the incoming class into the Rainy Day Club, in such manner and with such methods as they may see fit. But we ask that they be gentle in the administration of their duty.

We do here nominate and appoint Ernest L. Silver, of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., the sole executor of this, Our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all other wills by us at any time made.

Signed and sealed on this sixteenth day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ten.

(Signed) GEORGE H. SEAVEY,
For the class of 1910.

The Class Tree.

HARRIETT HEALEY.

During our first year at the Academy the question arose as to what we should have for our class tree. After some discussion, it was finally decided to have a purple beech, and this was placed in front of the Academy where it is now growing.

The purple beech is a famous European tree. It was honored by the Romans and is the Danish national tree. There are many varieties of this beech in cultivation. Of these the copper and the purple beech are the most noted. In Europe the beech is a very important forest tree and the hardwood is largely used in the manufacture of different articles and for fuel. This tree prefers a dryish situation and grows best in sandy loam and in limestone soil. It grows to a height of 100 to 120 feet and attains a diameter of four feet. When standing alone it becomes a very ornamental tree. It is sometimes used for hedges. The most noticeable thing about this beech is the beautiful reddish purple color of the leaves. The bark also has a reddish color.

When our purple beech was set out almost four years ago, it was very small, but as year by year goes by, it has grown a little larger, its branches have stretched out a little farther, and a few more leaves have unrolled. As this tree increases in strength and beauty so may our class as we go out into life, live so that each one may make life a success.

Class Alphabet.

BY MYRTLE IRENE KELLEY.

A is for Abbott, who plays on the stage,
B is for brain power, so great for his age:

C is for Carl, of athletic views,
 D for the duties he ever pursues;
 E is for Emily, who never seems vain,
 F for the future of honor she'll gain :
 G is for George, quite solemn and tall,
 H is for Harriett, a favorite with all:
 I is for Ida, who came to us late,
 J is for John, of scholarly pate:
 K is for Kelley, who is reading to you,
 L for Louise, so glad to get through :
 M is for Mildred, the sweet little thing,
 N, for the notes we've heard Lillian sing:
 O is for the order for which we are noted,
 P, our perfections, so frequently quoted:
 Q is for quadratics, we've passed them at
 last.
 R, for the rules we've kept hard and fast:
 S is for Stella, who has many fine clothes,
 T, for the taste she certainly shows:
 U is for the use we shall be, by and by,
 V, valedictorian, graceful and shy:
 W is for Watts, who has plenty of brains,
 X, for the problems Clarissa explains:
 Y is for the youths who our Lucy have
 sought,
 Z, for the zeal with which Lula has
 taught.

The Class Census.

BY EMMA L. CAMPBELL.

As this is census year, the senior class of Pinkerton Academy have chosen me as their census enumerator.

In going about from one to another, I found it difficult to get answers to all my questions without going a second time. This was especially the rule with the girls. When asked their age, they didn't know, and one girl said, "You will have to wait until I ask my mother." I don't know how the others found out. Their weight, height, size of shoes and hat, were equally

difficult to get, but I finally succeeded and by careful work I find the average age of the class to be eighteen years; height, 5 feet and six inches; and the weight, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I found the sizes of the shoes and hats especially large. The largest shoes were those worn by Seavey, number twelve, a good foundation to build on. The others varied from size eight to size twelve. I think Mildred wore the smallest size. The girls wore the largest hats. The largest sizes are worn by Harriette, Emily, Clarissa, Lula and Margaret, and I should say that the size was sixteen. Perhaps someone who saw them at one of the socials last year can tell you. As to the boys' hats, well, if you had a high power microscope, and knew just where to look, you might possibly see them.

The most important characters of the class are as follows: Margaret, who is always laughing; Carl, the sport, who likes to go to the Scenic; Clarissa, the marshal, who never passes a note in school; and Watts, the pedestrian, who likes to climb Mt. Washington.

Among those who deserve honorable mention, which, of course, includes the rest of the class, are: John, the faithful; Stella, the stylish; Mildred, the mindful; Ida, the model; Harriette, the honest; Myrtle, the mirthful, Lillian, the prima dona; Lula, the teacher; Lucy, the leading lady; and Emily, the historian.

Address of Welcome.

NORMAN F. WATTS.

It is my pleasure in behalf of the senior class to welcome you all, Alumnæ, Alumni, and Friends, to the exercises of Class Day. We do not feel that we are greet-

ing strangers, for although we have not met you all before, still we feel that your presence here is a token of the interest and sympathy which you feel for us. Although this day seems set apart by custom as a special time for merriment, we feel that it has a more serious character, and that it binds us as a class more closely together, and that its memories will make us more loyal children of our Alma Mater. We trust that the brief review of our years together may not be without interest to you, and that our hopes and plans for the future may not be regarded as too ambitious. Let us hope that as the Academy branches out into wider fields of work, that the relations between the Institution and the Town and the State may be of mutual confidence and appreciation.

Exchanges.

The year is done, and this is the last issue of the CRITIC. The time has come for the Exchange editor to pass his final criticisms. As a whole, we think we can say that the greater part of the papers we have regularly exchanged with have had what might be called a successful year. We can say that most of them have been interesting not only to the students, but also to the Alumni. In respect to the Alumni, however, there have been several that were inexcusably negligent. We cannot see how any editorial staff can be so inconsiderate,—and it amounts ultimately to that—as not to give at least a page to an Alumni column, instead of publishing pages on pages of “personals” which no one except a school gossip can understand. As for the Literary department, it has generally been

very good. Its greatest need is originality. There have been altogether too many “unexpected fortune” stories, or ones just as trite. Our greatest grievance is against the Exchange editors. It seems, from the usage we have been accorded, that every other Exchange editor, as soon as he received the CRITIC, turned to our Exchange column and if his paper was criticised, cut us, if complimented, complimented us, and if not mentioned, did not mention us. We have frequently felt dissatisfied with the appearance of our exchanges. Good paper costs little more than poor paper; good printing no more than poor. The satisfaction of one is enough, aside from the larger subscription list and fewer delinquent debtors, to pay for a neat paper.

We are always glad to see the *Owl*, Wellsville, N. Y., back again. The May number has something decidedly new in the line of a cover. We rather like it.

The Tattler, Nashua, N. H., still sticks to her purple cover, the “flashiest” one we have seen this year. It seems as if the pupils of Nashua High School do not support their paper very well, when we find the Literary department the shortest one in the paper.

The Voice, New London, N. H., is always interesting. We liked the story, “A Mere Money Maker.” The poem, “Contrast,” was good. The Alumni and Exchange columns are shorter than they should be.

The Vermont Academy Life, Saxton’s River, Vt., gives the most information of any paper we have received. The Literary side seems neglected. It contains a good Alumni column.

We think we enjoyed “The Census Man” in the *Brewster Banner*, Wolfeboro,

N. H., the most of anything in the May exchanges. It had a genuine ring.

The following exchanges have been received: *Alpha*, (New Bedford, Mass.), *Argonaut*, (Mansfield, Mass.), *Argus*, (Gardner, Mass.), *Artisan*, (Boston, Mass.), *Blue and White*, (Kennebunk, Me.), *Clarion*, (West Roxbury, Mass.), *Crimson and White*, (Gloucester, Mass.), *Echo*, (Kingston, N. H.), *E. L. H. S. Oracle*, (Auburn, Me.), *Gates Index*, (Neligh, Neb.), *Goddard Record*, (Barre, Vt.), *H. S. Review*, (Hamilton, Ohio), *Incent*, (Beloit, Wis.), *Islander*, (Bar Harbor, Me.), *Kimball Union*, (Meriden, N. H.), *Lakonian*, (Laconia, N. H.), *L. H. S. Quarterly*, (Lewiston, Mass.), *Lilliputian*,

(Canton, N. Y.), *Megaphone*, (Franklin, Mass.), *Mercury*, (Milwaukee, Wis.), *Mirror*, (Waltham, Mass.), *Now and Then*, (St. Paul, Minn.), *Olympian*, (Biddeford, Me.), *Quarterly Tatler*, (New York, N. Y.), *Red and Gray*, (Fitchburg, Mass.), *Register*, (Burlington, Vt.), *Owl*, (Wellsville, N. Y.), *School Life*, (Melrose, Mass.), *School Mirror*, (Wilbur, Wash.), *Seminary Breeze*, (Orange, Ill.), *Spectator*, (Johnston, Pa.), *Tattler*, (Nashua, N. H.), *Tufts Weekly*, (Boston, Mass.), *Tuftonian*, (Boston, Mass.), *Vermont Academy Life*, (Saxton's River, Vt.), *Voice*, (Concord, Mass.), *Voice*, (New London, N. H.), *Volunteer*, (Concord, N. H.), *Vox Studentis*, (Union City, Tenn.)

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